Being but heauy I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
Romeo, I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light fethers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.
Horatio. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betakes him to his legs,
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceless rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire Phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Ro. Nay thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits, *Ro.* And

Ro. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. VVhy may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. VVell what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things true,
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger thē an Agat stone, on the fore finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noses as they lie asleepe: her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs: the couer of the wings of grashoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collers of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small gray coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Hasel nut, made by the Ioyner squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coachmakers: and in this state she gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, & then they dream of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curses strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweete meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreame he of smelling out a sute: and sometime comes shee with a tith-pigs tale, tickling a Parsōs nose as a lies a sleepe, thē he dreams of another Benefice. Somtime she drieueth ore a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forraine throats, of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, & then anon drums in his eare, at which he startes and wakes, & being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.